Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweet Maieſtie vouchſafe me.

Qu. Was that Hector?

Dum. The worthie Knight of Troy.

Brag. I will kiſſe thy royall finger, and take leaue. I am a Votarie, I haue vow'd to *Iaquenetta* to hold the Plough for her ſweet loue three yeares. But moſt eſteemed greatneſſe, will you heare the Dialogue that the two Learned men haue compiled, in praiſe of the Owle and the Cuckow? It ſhould haue followed in the end of our ſhew.

Kin. Call them forth quickely, we will doe ſo.

Brag. Holla, approach.

Enter all.

This ſide is *Hiems*, Winter.
This *Ver*, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owle,
Th'other by the Cuckow.
Ver, begin.

The Song.

When Daſies pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew:
And Ladie-ſmockes all ſiluer white,
Doe paint the Medowes with delight.
The Cuckow then on euery tree,
Mockes married men, for thus ſings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleaſing to a married eare.

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten ſtrawes,
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:
When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their ſummer Smockes:
The Cuckow then on euery tree
Mockes married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleaſing to a married eare.